

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

MARY OF KEITHHALL.

IN a small village, in the north-west of Scotland, lived the interesting and amiable Mary Derownce. Possessed of beauty and good qualities, far surpassing those of most of the young women in the village, no wonder that she gained the admiration of all in that part of the country. Many a mind, far less susceptible of lively feeling than hers, would have been intoxicated with the flatteries which she almost daily received, from a numerous train of the most passionate admirers. But, wholly occupied with the care of an aged father, whose only support she was, and who doted on his lovely daughter with enthusiastic fondness, she paid little attention to the vows of adoration which her lovers poured forth; affable and obliging to all, she gave her heart to none. Often, indeed, did her venerable parent urge her to bestow her heart and hand on one of the many lovers, as the only remaining wish of his heart was to see the object of his fondest affections settled in comfort and happiness in the world; but her constant declaration was, that whilst it pleased Heaven to spare her beloved father, the sole business of her life should be to cheer his solitary hours, to increase the comforts, and soothe the cares of the few remaining years of his earthly pilgrimage.

Benjamin Derownce, her father, was descended from an ancient family of some distinction in France, from whence his grandfather had emigrated to Scotland, about the beginning of the last century, where he purchased an estate in Aberdeenshire; but, almost on a sudden, (alas! the vanity and uncertain nature of all worldly comforts!) he was reduced from the height of prosperity to the very depth of misery and want. One short month beheld him, by a series of unlooked-for calamities, stripped of all his possessions, and turned adrift into the wide

world, with nothing for his portion but wretchedness and hopeless despair. Too proud to solicit relief or assistance from the friends of his former prosperity, Derownce resolved to trust his future fortunes to that Being who ordereth all things for the best. As these events took place about the commencement of the American war, he almost immediately enlisted in a regiment just about to embark for the new world. During the course of his military career he behaved so well, and attracted the notice of his superiors so much by his good conduct, that, before the arrival of the peace, he had attained the rank of an officer of some distinction in his regiment. After the peace, having saved a small sum of money from his pay as a soldier, he gave up his commission, and commenced merchant in a small town in North America. Here providence smiled on his industry: and in the course of a few years, he was possessed of a comfortable independence. Shortly after his settlement in the country, he was married to the youngest daughter of a wealthy farmer, who made him the enraptured father of Mary Derownce.

His happiness seemed now complete, and he began to flatter himself that his worldly sufferings were all ended. But, alas! he was once more involved in distress and difficulty, by the failure of a mercantile house in Philadelphia, in whose hands the principal part of his fortune was invested; and, to add to his affliction, in less than two months, the partner of his bosom was snatched from his arms, by the relentless hand of death. Amidst all his afflictions, he had still one consolation left, in the growing attractions of his infant daughter, who was now dearer to him than ever, as being the only remaining pledge of that love which had tied his heart so closely to her, who was dearer to him than life. Mary's sweet and lisping prattle awakened in his soul all the recollections of those virtues that shone with such lustre in her beloved mother. Finding his pecuniary affairs getting more embarrassed daily, Derownce resolved to bid adieu to America for ever, and to return to the land of his fathers. Having collected the remains of his shattered fortune, he embarked

for Scotland; and, after an absence of more than thirty years, once more landed on his native shore. He found all the friends of his youth gone, and that he was scarce remembered in the place of his nativity; still, however, feeling a melancholy fondness for those scenes where he had spent many of his happiest days, he purchased a small cottage in the village of Keith-hall, situated on the verdant banks of the Ury, along whose winding stream he had sported, with a light heart and boyish fondness, many a summer's day.

In this beautiful retreat, his spirit could enjoy a sweet composure—like a ship safely anchored in a sheltered haven, after a long and tempestuous voyage over a stormy sea. He found a delightful pleasure in the daily task of instructing his daughter, who by her sweet disposition, not only endeared herself to her father, but became, as she increased in years, the delight of every eye, and the idol of every heart. It was on a beautiful evening in the month of August, which had succeeded a day of wind and rain, that the aged Derownce was seated at the door of his cottage, enjoying the serenity of the air, and tracing in thoughtful silence the last departing rays of the setting sun, as they gilded the proud turrets and glittering spire, of an ancient castle of Keith-hall, when his ear was suddenly assailed by the cries of distress, proceeding, as he imagined, from the distant banks of the Ury. "Haste, Mary, (cried the old man to his daughter, now in her nineteenth year, who was inside the cottage) and run down to the river side; for I'm sure somebody's fallen in, whilst crossing the wooden-bridge at Lofthillock, and the Ury must be much swelled by now. O run, for God's sake! and whoever it be, let him be brought to our house; for you know we have most room, and its too far to the minister's."

Mary by this time was out of hearing, and soon overtook some of the villagers who had already proceeded to the spot; whilst her father, having sat a few minutes in anxious solicitude, listening to the piercing sounds of woe, which grew fainter and fainter every moment, resolved to follow them, as fast as his aged limbs with the assistance of his staff would enable him. He had not proceeded far, before he met his neighbours returning, and bearing in their arms the body of a youth, who, apparently in attempting to cross the bridge, had slipped his foot and fallen into the river. He was conveyed immediately to the cottage of Derownce, where all possible means were used by the humane villagers for his recovery: the chief management of the proceedings devolved on an old woman in the neighbourhood, who was supposed to possess considerable skill in such cases. For more than two hours, however, the utmost skill, aided by the

most assiduous exertions of the rest of the villagers, appeared to be unavailing: they began to despair of success, and were now all standing around in melancholy silence. Suddenly, with a scream of transport, whilst a tear of joy started from her eye, Mary exclaimed "Father he's alive, he's alive!—he breathes! I feel the heaving of his breast!" In an instant, their endeavours were renewed with fresh alacrity, and every countenance brightened with a smile—every heart in the cottage palpitated with hope and anxious expectation. The appearance of returning animation increased every moment; his eyes opened, and his limbs seemed to move; he was soon able to swallow the reviving cordials which were put to his mouth; the colour gradually returned to his face, and his body by degrees recovered its genial warmth. It was not until he had enjoyed some hours repose, and when the following day found him pretty well recovered from the effects of his unfortunate adventure, that the stranger was able to satisfy the anxious inquiries of his humane preservers respecting his history. His gratitude to all, but especially to the worthy Derownce and his fair daughter, it may be conceived, was most abundant. At their earnest request, he consented to remain for a few days at the village, till his strength should recruit, and his health be completely re-established.

Young Rivers, for so he was called, had been born of respectable parents, in the town of Aberdeen; but he had gone out very young to the East Indies, at the desire of an uncle there, who possessed a situation of considerable interest. By a course of assiduity and close application to business, he found himself, at the end of fifteen years, possessed of a considerable competency: his constitution, however, was a good deal impaired, and, as his health was daily declining, he resolved to return home: for, although he was only in the prime of life, having just entered his twenty-fifth year, yet he considered the pursuit of riches, at the expense of health, as a very foolish and uncertain road to happiness. When he arrived in his native town, he found that his friends had died a year before: the only remaining relative he had was an uncle, a wealthy farmer in the district of Garioch, to whose house he was going, when he met with the unfortunate accident which brought him to the hospitable cottage of the good Derownce. During his stay there, Rivers, by his engaging manners, as well as by his entertaining conversation, endeared himself to all who saw him. Nor was he less pleased with the character of his venerable host. The sweet attracting smiles of whose daughter, joined to a chaste and well informed mind, could not fail to make a favourable impression on a heart endowed with so much sym-

pathetic sensibility as that of Rivers. So much satisfaction did they find in each other's company, that, short as their acquaintance was, they felt a secret regret at parting, which was only alleviated by a promise on the part of Rivers, to take Keithhall on his way, on return from his relative's house to Aberdeen.

After spending some weeks at his friend's house, and when about to return to Aberdeen to settle some business which required his attendance there, Rivers recollected his engagement to visit once more the worthy cottagers at Keithhall. It was in one of those delightful afternoons that are so common in the end of Autumn, when the pleasing stillness of the air, the trees partially stripped of their gold-coloured foliage, and the fields almost entirely cleared of their produce, give a certain melancholy tinge to the face of nature, that our traveller set out on his journey. The birds sung sweetly in the groves, and seemed to his romantic imagination as if they sung their farewell notes to the season; the beautiful woody vale of Kintore opened in majestic grandeur on his sight, while the distant and meandering Ury glittered in matchless splendour with the rays of the evening sun. Derownce was seated, as usual, at the door of his cottage, meditating on the scenes of former times, when the stranger approached. The old man rose, and welcomed him to his house with all the fondness of long known acquaintance. Mary was at the end of their little dwelling, training and adjusting the roses with which its lowly walls were enthroned, for that was now her care every evening, because Rivers had happened to praise their beauty and verdure; when she found his voice in conversation with her father, she imagined her beating heart would start from its place. Rivers, who had observed her occupation as he entered the gate, hastened round to pay her his respects; she attempted to speak, but the palpitation of her heart stopped her utterance; she blushed as his eye met hers; he caught the tender infection which spread like wild-fire through his whole frame, and from that moment his heart was entirely hers. When Mary in some measure recovered her presence of mind, she felt ashamed of the situation they were in; afraid of being seen, she burst from his arms, and, with what self-possession she could command, invited him to the house.

From this time young Rivers became the open and avowed lover, and he courted the object of his affections with the most assiduous attention: scarce a day passed, that he did not pay a visit to Keithhall, either to her house, or else to meet in the neighbourhood; for as true love always seeks concealment from the unhallowed eye of the public, they

would meet, to avoid the notice of the villagers, in a neighbouring copse of aged trees; where, beneath the canopy of the spacious elm or more humble hawthorn, they could exchange those vows of eternal constancy which united their hearts more closely to each other, undisturbed by the rude foot of the passing stranger. One evening they had agreed to meet, as in a place of still greater retirement, in the vicinity of the ruins of an ancient Abbey, which lay about a mile from the village, and which, from the general received opinion of its being haunted by unearthly beings, had little chance of much other company after it was dark. Mary had been unavoidably detained that evening by some unforeseen incidents, upwards of an hour beyond the appointed time of meeting. Hastening with fleeting steps down the lawn, she soon was in sight of the venerable ruins of Kinkell. She hesitated to proceed—the moon shone bright—all was calm and serene; she approached the Abbey, but there was no appearance of her lover: she listened with intense anxiety; but no sound was to be heard, save the distant and hoarse murmur of the Ury over its rocky bed, or the mournful cries of the raven from the midnight tower. Could Rivers have neglected his appointment? or, wearied by her delay, and despairing of her approach, had he departed? A few minutes she walked about in anxious solicitude, counted the twinkling stars, or traced with her eye the light and fleecy clouds, as they passed over the moon's pale face, to beguile her fears. A thought struck her mind that he might have loitered about the churchyard, which lay at the back of the Abbey: thither her steps were turned. A distant village clock proclaimed 'twas midnight;—her limbs trembled; she imagined she heard the faint groans of murdered ghosts echo on her ear from the hollow vaults.—She laughed at her foolish fears, and proceeded. As she entered the venerable porch, the distant shriek owl uttered a piercing cry—all was still and solemn as death; the faint beams of the moon gleamed with dim lustre along the dreary aisles, and made the horrors of the place more dreadful. That moment, by the glimmering light which made its way through a window, almost entirely overgrown with ivy, she beheld a human body extended on the ground—she uttered a dreadful shriek, when, on a sudden, the moon emerging darted a transient brightness on the pale features, and discovered the countenance of her lover, outstretched, a corpse!—she fell senseless on the cold pavement.

Rivers had wandered about the churchyard some time in anxious suspense, surprised and alarmed at the delay of his mistress; there his attention was attracted by

a grave which had just been opened, by some of those nocturnal depredators who disturb the mansions of the dead: as he was bending over to look into the grave's mouth, a ruffian leaped from beneath the earthly sepulchre, and with a pickaxe felled Rivers (whom they mistook for a policeman) to the ground. The point of the axe penetrated into the middle of the scull—he uttered but one faint cry ere death relieved him from his agony of pain. As daylight began to approach, Mary's senses gradually returned. She wanders all day a miserable maniac on the lonely moor, and at night makes her bed within the dreary walls of the Abbey. The wretches who committed the diabolical murder eluded all attempts at discovery.

THE MENTAL THERMOMETER.

By Maria Edgeworth.

A merchant in the city of London died, leaving a son very young, and a friend, a foreign gentleman, who became the guardian of his child, related the fruits of his own experience as a guide for the youth in the following terms:—"It is true I am in possession of an extraordinary secret—a secret I may deem invaluable. It has been the purchase of many years toil and experience, the reward of the reflection, and the studies of a long life. I am a native of Italy, and my life has been spent chiefly in travelling through different countries. There is no part of the globe which I have not visited, having uniformly kept one object in view, to which, thank Heaven, I have at last attained. 'You know,' continued he, 'my friendship to your father, and my particular attachment to you. I wish to give you some proof of my regard before nature calls me from you, and I think I have it in my power to leave a gift truly worthy of your acceptance.'

Here he paused. He drew carefully from beneath his vestment a small tube, of a substance which enclosed a talisman. On a nearer view, it appeared nothing more than a small instrument, constructed like one of our common thermometers, and marked into a great number of divisions: after the youth had examined it in silence for some time, his friend took it from him, and placed it near the region of his heart—when instantly a fresh phenomenon appeared, a multitude of new divisions became visible. 'There are many more,' said his friend, observing his astonishment; 'there are many more too nice to be discerned by the unassisted eye of man; but the longer and more attentively you regard them, the more you will be enabled to discover. 'But what is this liquor?' said he: 'or is it a liquor, which seems to move up and down in the tube? and what are those small characters which I perceive at the top and bottom of

the instrument?'—"The bright characters which you see at the top of the crystal are Arabic, and they signify *perfect felicity*; the degrees which you perceive marked on the crystal, form a scale of happiness, descending from perfect felicity to indifference, which is the boundary between pleasure and pain—and from that point commences the dark divisions of misery, which continue deepening in their shades as they descend, and increasing in distance from each other, till they touch the characters at the bottom, which signify the final bounds of human misery and *despair*. The liquor which you see contained in the tube, is endued with the power of rising or falling in the crystal, in exact proportion to the pleasure felt by the person who wears it at any given period of his existence.' The youth cast his eye down the tube as he held it in his hand. 'Perfect felicity and despair,' he repeated, and sighed: 'how many of my fellow-creatures are doomed to feel the one, how few attain the other.' 'These extreme points,' said the good old man, recalling his eyes to the tube, 'though apparently so far distant from each other, are equally dangerous. It will seldom, however, be found actually at these extremes, and the intermediate degrees it defines with unerring precision.' 'But, said the youth, is it not enough for me to feel pleasure, to be convinced I feel it? and will not a little reflection ascertain the degree with sufficient accuracy?'—"Perhaps not," said he, smiling; 'perhaps not so readily as you imagine. The want of precision in this circumstance is one of the first causes of mistakes which mankind fall into in their pursuits, especially the young and enthusiastic; reflecting little on the past, and forming great expectations from the future, they seldom rightly value their present sensations. Guided by the opinion, or the example of others, they mistake the real objects of happiness; and the experiment necessary to be tried to set them right, must be often repeated to make any useful impression; that life itself passes away before they are convinced of their error, or before the conviction has been of any material advantage to them. Now such is the nature of this little instrument, that if you wear it next to your heart, it will invariably preserve its efficacy—In all the situations of life—in the most tumultuous assembly, as well as in the most tranquil solitude—at the moment when your soul is the most agitated—when your emotions are the most complicated—when you would not, or could not, enter into any strict scrutiny of your own heart, this little crystal will be your monitor: press it to your bosom, and ask yourself this question—What degree of pleasure or pain do I now feel? The answer you will find distinct and decided. The liquor in the tube will

instantaneously point it out on the scale of happiness or misery—it will remain stationary, until you unlock the chain from around your neck, in your hours of retirement.’

Now the youth began to comprehend the true use and value of this present, and retracting his hasty judgment, he expressed, in the warmest terms, his acknowledgment. ‘Take it, my son,’ said he, putting it into his hands; ‘may you in the course of your life, experience its utility as much as I have done—may it facilitate your improvement in virtue and wisdom, the only genuine sources of happiness: my life must now be near its close—my habits are fixed, and I have no further occasion for this monitor; yet it has been so long my constant companion, that I can scarcely part with it, even to you, without reluctance. Promise, me, however,’ added he, ‘to send me frequent and accurate accounts of the experiments you try with it; they will be an amusement to me in my retirement.’ He readily made his friend the promise which he required, and having again thanked him for his present, he eagerly clasped the golden chain round his neck, and resolved to begin, as soon as possible, a series of observations.

It happened, however, that the evening in which the youth had intended to commence these, he was visited by one of the most celebrated metaphysicians of that day, a friend of his father. To him he communicated the secret he had in his possession, and showed him his treasure. Envy flashed in his eyes; he pressed the thermometer to his heart. Instantly the liquor rose almost to the point of perfect felicity: then, fluttering, alternated between that and despair. ‘Could I but possess this instrument but one month,’ cried he, ‘I could solve problems the most interesting to metaphysicians, and I could perfect my theory of the human mind.’ Friendship, philanthropy, and some degree of curiosity to see how high the liquor would rise in the tube, if he should comply with his desire, decided the youth’s answer. ‘Your wish is granted,’ said he; and at that instant the liquor rose to the point of *perfect felicity*, with such violence, that the tube burst with a sudden explosion; and he, and the world, and the metaphysician, were deprived for ever of the intended experiments on the Mental Thermometer.”

THE GLEANER.

—So we’ll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we’ll talk with them too.

ANECDOTE.—In Claude’s reply to Arnaud, the French catholic, we are told, that it was the humour of the Prince of Condé to have a *man of wood* on horseback, dressed like a field-officer, with a lifted broad-sword

in its hand, which figure was fastened to the great saddle, and the horse it was on was always kept by the great Condé’s side, when he travelled or engaged in the bloody field. Fearless the *man of wood* appeared in many a well-fought battle; but as they pursued the enemy one afternoon through a forest, in riding hard, a bough knocked off the wooden warrior’s head; yet still he galloped on after flying foes, to the amazement and terror of the enemy, who saw a *hero* pursuing them without a head.

Sieyes was often alarmed at the plots of the Jacobins and their threats of assassinating the consuls. He once came, in great agitation, and awoke Napoleon at three o’clock in the morning, to tell him something of this kind, which he had just heard at the police. ‘Let them alone,’ said Napoleon, ‘in war, as well as in love, we must come to close quarters to make an end of it. Let them come; it may as well be settled one day as another.’

TWO HALVES NOT A WHOLE.—Old Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James’s, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the Mall. ‘So, Master Grove,’ said he, ‘why you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?’ ‘No, sir,’ replied the old man; ‘I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead—I go half round and back.’

The following epistle, which Alexander wrote to Aristotle, shews how much the emperor valued knowledge, “you have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.”

When Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Ford, and Mr. Linley, commenced their management of Drury Lane theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box appropriated for their several families. Doctor Ford being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candles unconsumed the preceding evening. Shortly after, when all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, the late duke of Norfolk paid them a visit, and inquiring into the state of the theatre, Mr. Sheridan pointed to all the private boxes, except Doctor Ford’s, which made his Grace inquire “what box the Doctor had?” “The candle-box, my Lord,” said Charles Bannister, who was present.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

A VISIT TO HARROW.

THE casual stranger, how dull soever may be his nature, and how opposite his pursuits from those that truly ennoble man, can at no time pay Harrow a visit without feeling a pulse more light, and a sentiment more lively than he is wont to experience; and there are, at this moment, recollections and impressions about Harrow which might create, if any thing would create, a soul within the rotten carcass of Change Alley itself. It was there that BYRON—the kind, the manly, the generous, the independent, the sublime, the persecuted, the belied, the calumniated—but still the inimitable and immortal Byron, spent those important years when youth stands hesitating between the sports of the boy and the actions of the man; and man will resort to Harrow, to hunt for any trace that he may have left of himself, when the calumnies against him shall be forgotten, and when the worms that are now attempting to feed on his fame, shall have gone into the oblivious maws of vermin almost as worthless as themselves.

But you linger not long on the first summit of Harrow, (for Harrow, like Parnassus, is a two-topped hill) but descend through the village which lies in the romantic hollow between. Here clusters of scholars, in all the bloom and buoyancy of youth, are ever and anon meeting you, or hovering about the school area, with racquet-board in the right hand, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* in the other. You think that among these Sheridan first tried his eloquence, and Byron first tuned his song. You climb the little stile that leads into the church-yard, and proceed through the close collected graves. The ancient female, whose privilege it is to unlock the more ancient doors of the church, approaches you with her curtesy, and asks whether you would like to go to the pew which Byron occupied, to the grave-stone on which he breakfasted, and the elms, under the shadow of which he studied, or to the flags over the vault which contains the remains of that child for whose lifeless body he shewed so fond an affection. You have no wish, and though you had, you have no power of resisting. The rusty lock creaks; the door, strong and massy as that of any ancient castle, is flung open; you enter, and are pushed aside, that you may notice the place of sepulture of this little body, and where it was among the fondest wishes of the bard that his own bones should be laid. You scarcely heed the ancient brasses in the floor, or the old carving in the

roof, the beams of which are supported by oaken cherubim and seraphim, furnished with musical instruments, among which, even the fiddle and the bagpipe are, as it were, canonized, and admitted to adorn the consecrated rafters; you rather inquire for the seat which Byron occupied, and the old lady points it out to you in the corner of a massy and clumsy oaken gallery, the logs of which bear evidence how well the scholars at Harrow have not attended to the prelections of their spiritual instructor. You are informed that Byron, in the more advanced years of his pupilage, sat in that corner, looking not towards the parson, but towards the wall, on which the following monumental inscription pleased him much:

"Sacred to the memory of
Thomas Ryves, Esq., F.R.S. A.S.
who died July 23, 1788, aged 68.

When sorrow weeps o'er virtue's sacred dust,
Our tears become us, and our grief is just;
Such were the tears she shed who grateful pays
The last sad tribute of her love and praise."

The sensation which you feel while sitting where Byron sat, and looking at that which he used fondly to contemplate, is too intense to be borne for any great length of time. You leave the church, and, following the old sybil westward, come to a large slab of black marble under the shade of two noble elms; and this you are told was the favourite breakfast-table of the bard. There is nothing remarkable in the original owners of this monument—one of whom had sounded the whip as a negro-driver in the West Indies, and another rung the bell at Harrow. But the view from that spot is the very finest that even Harrow affords; and looking down from that beautiful eminence, on the ocean-like expanse of country below, Byron may have caught some portion of that inspiration which made him subsequently so fond of the waste of waters. The black marble has now become in some measure the monument of the bard; and, therefore, it may be alike the stone of emulation to the youth of Harrow, and of admiration to all who visit there.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

PARIS THEATRES.

Ambigu-Comique.—A new comedy, entitled "*Le Mariage de Circumstance*," was performed at this theatre on the 1st November. The following is the plot:—M. Richemont, a merchant of Beauvais, has sent his nephew, Folville, to Paris, to follow the commercial profession; and the young scatterbrain commits nothing but blunders. In

order to make him study, his uncle prepares to marry him. He, therefore, sends for him, and informs him of his design. The affair concerns a rich individual, a young widow whom the uncle designedly does not name. The diligence, which carries our hero, is upset about two leagues distant from Beauvais. He is received into the country-house of Madame Derval. Enchanted with the accident, he finds his hostess charming, and thinks no more of the object of his journey. To add to his good-luck, his valet, Justin, has recognised in the lady's maid, a certain *femme de chambre*, named Henrietta, his first flame. Good intelligence is thus established in their new residence; and every thing gives promise of a piquant adventure.

The uncle, however, apprised by Madame Derval (who is no other than the young widow) pretends, by means of a disguise, to act the part of master of the house. He surprises Folville at the feet of his wife, and, like a fashionable husband, mystifies his rival without exhibiting much chagrin. But soon forgetting his character, he is recognised beyond possibility of doubt. Justin, equally mystified, and, moreover, hoaxed by his old acquaintance, who describes herself as married to Georget, the gardener of the castle, discovers the whole plot. The intention has been to trick them; and they take their revenge. The malicious valet now lays his plot for marrying his master: this stratagem produces a decisive proof. A letter, which Folville has contrived to appear as if written to his wife at Paris, to inform her of the consequences of his accident, is intercepted by the maid. She, moreover, apprises Richemont, the uncle (who is, meanwhile, listening at the door, and observed by Justin) that he is become a great-uncle. He falls into a rage at this; and Madame Derval is indignant. Two minutes before, Folville had been pleading love to her. Georget brings back the graceless nephew, who had feigned to depart in despair at the widow's cruelty; and M. Richemont is about to load him with his reproaches and malediction. Folville, calm, and somewhat ironical, after having amused himself awhile with the disguise of his dear uncle, which he does not consider as very effectual, takes the letter for Madame Folville, and puts it, with her address, into the hands of the widow: Madame Derval smilingly reads—"You wished to try me: I discovered the secret: I am revenged: I love you," &c. The whole plot is now unravelled. The Madame Georget, of the morning, becomes a widow again, in order to marry Justin; as Madame Derval becomes a widow, in order to marry Folville; and two real marriages are substituted for three supposed ones. The success of the piece was complete.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

HENRY LEE WARNER, ESQ.

No country perhaps has produced more humourists and eccentric characters than England. It is, however, very rarely that we meet with an instance of that particular kind of eccentricity by which the subject of this article was distinguished; nay, we much doubt whether any parallel case can be produced. Henry Lee Warner, Esq. of Walsingham Abbey, in Norfolk, was born in 1722. He was the lineal descendant of John Warner, bishop of Rochester, whose estates he possessed, as well as those of Sir James Howe, of Berwick, Wilts, and of Henry Lee, Esq., of Dane John, in Kent. He was the accomplished scholar, the complete gentleman, and sincere friend; and, although from a series of ill health, and a natural love of retirement, he early withdrew from filling those public stations, in which, with his ability, fortune, and integrity, he would have made a very distinguished figure, yet in private life he was universally respected for his steady adherence to the rules of justice and moderation, and his constant practice of humanity and benevolence.

Of the various traits which marked the character of this extraordinary man, his mode of life, and his conduct towards those who abused his confidence and generosity, were the most remarkable. With him the common distribution of time was completely reversed, and night was literally turned into day. His time of rising was always late in the evening; he generally breakfasted at midnight, and dined at four or five in the morning. The dress in which it was his custom to appear, was precisely that of the English gentleman of the last age: a gold-laced coat and waistcoat, with deep slash-worked sleeves, and richly embossed buttons, a deep chitterlin of rich yellow lace, curve-toed shoes, and oblong buckles. From a principle of lenity and forbearance, and an extreme tenderness of disposition, he permitted the most injurious depredations to be committed on his property with impunity; and, notwithstanding the system of depredation was carried to such a height, as to render his extensive woods, and even young plantations, a scene of desolation, yet, when during his midnight walk any of the offenders were perceived by him, he would mildly exclaim, "Take care how you get down that tree, or you may hurt yourself."

The character of this gentleman, as drawn by Mr. Pratt, in his *Gleanings in England*, is not exaggerated. "At the abbey (at Walsingham) resides," says the above wri-

ter, "a gentleman in the possession of a once-finely wooded domain, of great politeness and urbanity, much reading, of sound understanding, who, nevertheless, has allowed almost every tree which his domain had to boast, to be deliberately cut down, and carried away, without so much as making any manner of inquiry after the offenders, or entering into any remonstrance as to their past, present, or future depredations, though this went to the loss of 20,000*l*. I suppose," says Mr. Pratt, "you would think I must be fibbing, were I to inform you that whoever has a mind to it, goes into his stable, saddle or harnesses a horse, and rides or ploughs with him, brings him home at night, or keeps him a week or a fortnight together, without so much as a question being asked by the squire; and what is worse, they not only steal wheat, barley, and other grain, from the field where it is sheaved, to save themselves the trouble of cutting it, but they are wicked enough to cut off the corn-ears, by whole acres, before they are ripe."

Mr. Warner, with all his peculiarities, was endowed with a thousand qualities which do honour to the heart of man; and with all his shades of character, in which, however, there was no mixture of vice and immortality, he will long be remembered as a man of very tender feelings, a scholar, and a gentleman. Notwithstanding all the deep drawbacks on his property, Mr. W. died extremely rich.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

BURSTING OF STEAM BOILERS.

THE Academy of Sciences at Paris, which is composed of the first scientific men of France, has lately been occupied with the subject of high-pressure steam engines, to which the attention of its members has been more immediately called by the accidents, occasioned in England, as well as the United States, through the bursting of the boilers. These accidents had very generally produced a conviction, that the use of high-pressure engines should be altogether abandoned, and some have thought it expedient that this ought to be enforced by legislative authority. The great advantages, however, resulting from their introduction; the limited space which they occupy, the economy of fuel, and the smallness of the prime cost when compared with that of the low-pressure construction, are so palpable,

that it cannot be considered a matter of surprise, if those who have been in the practice of using them, feel reluctant in giving them up, and should be desirous of availing themselves of those precautions, or improvements so essential to their own interests, and on which the safety of their fellow-citizens so much depend. We are not aware that any specific remedy for the evil has been adopted by men of science in this country, or in Great Britain; but from a Report now before us to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, lately read at a meeting of that body, we observe that the accidents, particularly in Great Britain, are stated to have arisen from the engines not having been constructed with sufficient care; and it is mentioned, as the result of all the details which the reporters had met with in prosecuting the inquiry, "that no mean or high-pressure steam boiler, constructed in any regular establishment in France, has ever met with an explosion, although they are more numerous than those imported from foreign countries." Our limits will not admit of our giving the Report at length, but the following recapitulation, by the members of the Academy who drew it up, will enable the reader to form a correct idea of its import:—

"High-pressure steam-engines are employed with most advantage. 1st. Because the greater the compression of the steam, the less is the space the engine occupies.— 2d. Because it produces an equal power to that of a low pressure engine, with a smaller quantity of fuel. But they are considered as more dangerous than low pressure engines. Nevertheless, engines may be constructed, with which explosions, if not absolutely impossible, are at least extremely rare; and with which not a single instance of an explosion has occurred in France since they have been used in that country. Such are the mean-pressure engines, of three or four atmospheres, made in France on Wolfe's construction, as improved by Edwards, with boilers four or five times stronger than can be burst by the force of the steam which they have to resist. Such also are the high-pressure engines of ten atmospheres constructed on the plan of Oliver Evans, of the United States of America. With these engines the boiler is capable of resisting ten times the force

it is daily subjected to. But engines constructed with less care, or managed with less prudence, have occasioned dreadful accidents, especially in Great Britain. In France only one accident has ever happened by which any lives were lost, which were those of two individuals engaged in the service of the engine; and not one single instance has occurred in that country in which damage has been sustained, by any individuals, from the explosion of a steam-engine on the adjoining premises."

We should be inclined to infer from this statement, that the high-pressure engines in this country, which have been attended with so many accidents, are not constructed on the plan of Mr. Evans, but on some other principle which renders them more liable to explode. But if they are of the same construction, then less care has been bestowed on them, or less prudence shown in their management than is done in France, where the same engines are in constant use without any danger resulting from them.—During 1823, as appears by the Report, 36 of these engines were made at one manufactory in Paris, and a still greater number had been ordered the last year. Since 1815 upwards of 120 mean and high-pressure engines had been made in the French manufactories, "and the more they are used the more they are approved of." The conclusive testimony thus given in favour of these engines, will, it is hoped, not escape the notice of Congress when they come to legislate on the subject.

It is obvious from the unqualified terms of the Report of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that high-pressure steam engines, when properly constructed, and under proper management, may be used with perfect safety. Still, to use the language of the reporters, as the "*impossibility* of an explosion has not been proved, and the bare apprehension of the danger is a real evil attendant on the erection of a mean or high-pressure steam-engine in the neighbourhood of a dwelling house," they considered it expedient, in order to reduce that apprehension as much as possible, to recommend the adoption of the following precautions:—

1. Every steam-engine boiler should be furnished with two safety valves, one of them inaccessible to the workman who attends the engine, the other under his command, in order that he may be able to di-

minish the pressure on it, as occasion may require. If he attempt to overload this valve, it will have no effect, since the steam will find vent through the other, which is out of his reach. The reporter, M. Dupin, suggests in this place, that if any apprehension of danger be entertained, from the possibility of the inaccessible valve becoming fixed by rust, or negligence, it may be obviated, by fixing in the upper part of the boiler two plugs of fusible metal, formed of such an alloy as to melt at a few degrees above the working temperature of the steam. One of these plugs is to be considerably larger than the other, and to be made of a rather less fusible alloy, so that if the steam does not escape with sufficient rapidity on the fusion of the smaller, it may have ample room to fly off, as soon as the larger has given way. The temperature, at which the least fusible alloy melts, must of course be considerably below that at which the increased elasticity of the steam would endanger the safety of the boiler.

2. All the boilers should be proved by being submitted, by means of the hydraulic press, to four or five times the working pressure, for engines that work with a pressure should as much exceed the working pressure, as the latter exceeds the simple pressure of the atmosphere.

3. Every steam-engine maker should be obliged to make known his method of proving the boilers, as well as whatever may guarantee the solidity and safety of his engines, especially as regards the boiler and its appendages. He should also declare this working pressure, estimated by the number of atmospheres, or in pounds, on each square inch of surface exposed to the action of the steam.

4. For further security, the boilers of very powerful engines, when near a dwelling-house, may be surrounded by a thick wall, at the distance of between three and four feet from the boiler, and at least as far from the party wall of the adjoining house.

NEW VOLTAIC-MECHANIC AGENT.

In a late number of the *London Chemist*, the Editor announces the discovery, by himself, of a perpetual Mechanical power by the use of the Voltaic battery, which he conceives may be applied to all mechanical purposes, and even supersede the use of steam. This power, he says, may be generated by decomposing water by means of galvanic electricity, and recomposing the resulting gases by flame, or by the electric spark. By this means we generate a power, (the two gases) equal to an additional atmosphere; and when we have thus gene-

rated this atmosphere, we may form a perfect vacuum by inflaming and condensing the gases. We have first a power equal to the atmosphere; and next we have a perfect vacuum: the volume of the gases is diminished near two thousand times. The application of this power, first to raise a piston, and afterwards to let it fall in the vacuum we create, is too obvious to need further explanation. Thus, by a continued production of electricity, which is generated by a Voltaic battery, we may go on for ever decomposing and recomposing water, producing, without interruption, an enormous power, with apparently inadequate means.

In making this announcement, the discoverer states, that he is aware there are many difficulties in applying the principle to practice, but he is prepared with the means of obviating them; he merely stated the outline in order to stimulate the industry and ingenuity of others in adopting it to useful purposes. "There is no mystery (he adds) hanging over the statement—no quackery; it is plain and palpable, and such as it is he throws it and patent open to all mankind to make the best use they can of it."

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

ZINC PLATES FOR ENGRAVING.—In Germany, artists have begun to substitute zinc instead of copper plates, and also instead of stone for engravings. The artist draws on the zinc as on stone, and the expense of engraving is thus saved. A large work, being a collection of monuments of architecture, from zinc plates, has already appeared at Darmstadt, and is highly spoken of. The process is said to unite the economy of lithography with the clearness of copper engraving.

SEA PROVISIONS.—M. Da Olmi, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Paris, has been commissioned by the French minister of Marine to construct five large models of purifying cisterns, to preserve from putrefaction, and to meliorate water taken on board of vessels for the consumption of the crew. M. Da Olmi has also been desired to prepare a quantity of sea-biscuits, by a process of his, which is said to be as simple as it is economical, and which renders it extremely nourishing.

ANCIENT SHIP.—The captain of an Italian vessel has brought from a voyage into Lapland, an antique bark, in very good preservation, which had been thrown by storm on those coasts some hundred years ago. The prow of this vessel represents a head of Medusa, and the poop is adorned with a double figure of a Satyr. These sculptures are very well preserved, and seem to belong to a celebrated epoch in the arts among the ancients.

TO PRESERVE BLACK-LEAD PENCIL DRAWINGS.—Apply a thin wash of isinglass, which will prevent rubbing off of either black-lead, or of hard black chalk. The simple application of skimmed milk will produce the same effect. In using the latter, lay the drawing flat on the surface of the milk; then taking it up expeditiously, hang it up by one corner, till it drains and dries. The milk must be perfectly free from cream, or it will grease the paper.

Mr. F. W. Morris, a young medical student in Edinburgh, has suggested, that fire might be effectually and easily extinguished by blowing carbonic acid gas on it, as water is spouted from pipes. The gas can be had in any quantity desired, from chalk and other substances; its power of extinguishing combustion is well known; and its superior density would make it displace the common air at the places where the fire existed.

There is an institution in Paris called *The Royal Athenaeum*, and conducted on a popular scale. There is a reading-room, with all the French and foreign papers, popular pamphlets, &c. and a very extensive library. Every evening during the winter season lectures are delivered on science and literature. The talents of La Harpe, and many persons afterwards eminent, were first developed here.

The French have of late taken the lead of the English in immense literary enterprises. Collections of one hundred volumes are subscribed for as readily as works of only two or three volumes. Five or six editions of Voltaire and Rousseau issue from the press every year. M. Lefevre is publishing at the same time a splendid edition of the French Classics, in 100 volumes royal 8vo., and a miniature edition of 50 volumes in 32mo. M. Panckoucke subscribed 5000 of his Dictionary of Medicine, in 60 volumes; and he is now printing a collection which will reach several hundred volumes, under the title of Translations of all the Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Spanish, &c. Classics.

ASTRONOMICAL FACT.—The seventh visible star of the constellation Pleiades, has been of late found to be a periodical and revolving star, which accounts for the constellation being described by some writers as consisting of six, and by some as being composed of seven stars, to which Ovid alludes—

“Septem quæ dici sex tamen esse solent.”

ROMAN HISTORY.—A learned Pole, M. Zinzerling, has just published at Warsaw, in French, a new Roman history, the fruit of immense research. He traces back his subject to the remotest antiquity, and it is principally on the religious systems of the ancient people of Italy, that he throws the strongest light.

A new romance, by M. le Vicomte d'Arincourt, under the title of *L'Etrangère*, has been announced at Paris.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

ADVANTAGES OF MUSIC.

IN no nation was the influence of music so well appreciated, or properly directed as among the ancient Greeks. By that celebrated people it was made the medium for publishing laws, for inculcating morality, for transmitting the record of the noblest deeds, for awakening the soul to the charms, and inciting it to the practice of virtue. Their systems of political and of moral laws are those written in verse, and chanted in full chorus in the assemblies of the people. It was through the medium of music that the poet disseminated the effusions of his muse; and this mode of publication, though not so universal as in the Grecian States, also obtained amongst the bards of the northern nations.

Whether we consider the effects produced by this mode of education, as appearing from history, or consult our own observation, we will find sufficient reason to acknowledge that music possesses many great advantages. By producing in the soul pleasant, profound, and varied impressions, it is calculated to soften the manners, and to render our existence more delightful.

It awakens valour in battle, and enlivens joy on occasions of festivity; it causes its beneficial influence to be felt in the bosom of families; contributes to fill the leisure hours of the learned, by agreeably diverting them from graver occupations, renewing the vigour of the mind, inspiring the imagination with new ideas, and animating them to a renewal of their labours. It banishes frivolity, and gives solidity to the character of him who is addicted to the noisy pleasures of the world, by recalling him from time to time to himself. It consoles the unfortunate, increases the delights of prosperity, and diffuses in the soul an oblivion of the ills of this life. Comparatively speaking, society contains few individuals who have it in their power to purchase a musical instrument, and incur the expense which its use requires. But nature, always liberal in her gifts, has bestowed on man the richest and most agreeable instrument in his voice, and in song, capable of producing an endless variety of sounds. The human voice is, in fact, superior to all invented instruments; beyond any of them it penetrates the soul, electrifies its most secret and delicate fibres, and submits them to its control. Alone, it is able to form as many tones as are produced by all other musical instruments.

Among the modern nations of Europe who seem to have duly estimated the teaching of music as a branch of primary education, it is a remarkable fact that the Germans, who are considered the least susceptible of lively impressions, are the most prominent in its cultivation. Of this fact we are informed by Mr. Choron, the author of a “Dictionary of Music,” published within these few months in London, and which has been well spoken of in all the reviews. He says, “the culture of music in Germany is astonishing; even down to the most insignificant *charity-schools*, the art is publicly taught; no schoolmaster is allowed to exercise his profession unless he is capable of teaching at least the elements of music and some instruments. In the principal towns there are public and special schools, where any one is admitted unconditionally, and where all the parts of composition are taught. Besides this, the means of ordinary education, being very numerous and easily attained by every class, the artisan, and

even a man in the lowest order in society if he does not require the assistance of his son's industry to attain a livelihood, may give him a good education free of all expense."

The teaching of vocal music as an essential part of education, has also for some years been introduced into the celebrated scholastic establishment at Iverdun on the plan of Pestalozzi, and in the colleges belonging to the Agricultural Society of Hofwil. Mr. Fellenburg the director of these colleges states, that he was persuaded of the utility of singing to the improvement of education, by softening the character of the young, rectifying their passions, weakening or repressing their vicious inclinations, and establishing an harmonious concord between the heart and the understanding; unfolding the love of order and the beautiful, and awakening that of country, engraven on our hearts by nature herself. In those scholastic establishments, all the students are taught the theory of music, and the Sundays are devoted to this study, as well as reading and other objects, at which time they are exercised in tuning and modulating sacred canticles and national marches.

Music is cultivated in Italy to a greater extent perhaps, than in any other country; but this is not done so much as a branch of education, as it is to train persons intended for the opera, or to qualify them for Improvisatori. Under Napoleon, the society established at Paris for the improvement of elementary instruction, which has already done so much for the poor and industrious classes, and so powerfully contributed towards the perfection of primary education, (which formerly was imperfect and even pernicious) has powerfully exerted itself in introducing lessons in singing into the seminaries for youth; an innovation, or rather a reformation, which has been attended with the happiest results among the lower classes. Attempts are also making in Spain to accomplish the same desirable object. Mr. Amoras, a Spaniard, naturalized in France, who has recently formed in his native country a civil and military gymnasium, in which youth are taught under able masters, has added music to their exercises, being convinced of the efficacy of this art in contributing to strengthen the lungs, and the organs of speech, as well as of its salutary

moral influence. In a work he has written he says, "Now that music has lost so much of its primitive dignity, and of its power over man since it ceased to be popular, or general, and has taken refuge in the cloisters, or been confined to the theatre, what reason is there why we should not restore to it its ancient splendor, by applying it to the improvement of our manners, our character, our organization even, and temperament?"

Mr. Choron, whose Dictionary we have mentioned above, will not allow to England a distinct school of music. In so far as he intends to deny that music forms a part of primary instruction, it must be acknowledged that he is correct. Considering, however, that in London alone there is an Italian Opera, and a house for the express purpose of exhibiting English Operas, and that most of the other theatres can boast of possessing some of the best native singers that ever appeared in any country, we scarcely think that the unqualified assertion of Mr. Choron can be regarded as correct. Still, as we have derived the greater part of our systems from that nation, and continue to draw from its intellectual resources, we cannot but consider it a defect in the scholastic institutions of Great Britain, that the teaching of music has not been introduced as an essential part of the education of youth. To us it appears of the greatest importance that it should be emulously taught to even the lowest classes of society; and impressed with this conviction, we would recommend it to those who are immediately engaged in forming the juvenile mind, to consider whether it is not incumbent on them to combine the rudiments of music with reading, writing, arithmetic, and such other branches of education as are usually taught in primary schools?

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three: to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

SUCH is woman's love—bending with the slightest breath of air, not breaking beneath the keenest blast of winter. It flourishes

in the warm beam of truth, dies not in the cold blight of falsehood. Where is he whose heart beats not responsive to the tenderness of female affection? The earth holds not a being so heartless, but that at times the fond affection of women must rouse him to feelings, which throw an undimmed lustre over all the darker shades of his soul. He may be cold in his nature—apathy may dwell in his mind—his bosom may be senseless to, and reckless of, all her shining qualities; but there are moments when love *will* warm the coldest and the most insensible; when its brightness will rouse him from his apathy; when its kindness will soothe his very agonies. Love, in woman, is one unclouded ray of dazzling light—the intense glow of the summer's sun; no clouds obscure its loveliness, no storms can chill its ardour, no shades can dull its brilliancy. It shone at first, it shines now, and it will shine for ever, in one unbroken, splendid beam of celestial beauty. Were I required to name the moment when I would consent that my hopes of joy should fail, I would say, the hour when woman's heart shall cease to beat for love: love, pure, faithful, unmixed with the baser feelings of human nature.

Yet, lovely woman, yet thy winning smile,
That caused our cares, can every care beguile,—
And thy soft hand, amid the maze of ill,
Can rear one blissful bower of Eden still.
To his low mind thy worth is all unknown,
Who deems thee pleasure's transient toy alone;
But, oh! how most deceived, whose creed has given
Thine earthly charms a rival band in heaven;—
Yet thou hast charms that time may not dispel,
Whose beathless bloom shall glow where angels dwell;
Thy pitying tear in joy shall melt away,
Like morn's bright dew beneath the solar ray;
Thy warm and generous faith, thy patience meek,
That plants a smile where pain despoils the cheek;
The balm that virtue mingles here below
To mitigate thy cup of earthly woe:—
These shall remain, when sorrow's self is dead,
When sex decays, and passion's stain is fled.

NUPTIAL REJOICINGS.—Every nation has its peculiar way of expressing its joy on those happy occasions in which two beings (certain lectures excepted) are made one.—John Bull, with that isolation which is natural to him, gets into his coach, and drives as far as his purse or his horses can bear. The Scot relaxes from his gravity, and gives a feast in three acts, each of which lasts a day. The Irishman makes the event a substitute for surgery, by collecting all his neighbours, and setting them to phlebotomise each other's heads with their shillelahs. The Spaniard puts an additional grating on his windows. The Italian makes room for a male visitor. The German orders tobacco-pipes of twice the common size. The Russian makes good use of the Knout which is given him along with his bride. And the Frenchman does—the best that he can. On

the west side of the Atlantic, they manage the matter quite differently: the demonstration of joy there, is “a punch-drinking.”—This invariably takes place a few days after the marriage ceremony. Notice is given that such a thing is to take place on a certain day; and every body who has the least acquaintance of the gentleman makes a point to attend.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PLAY OF THE COUNTENANCE.

MAN is not the only animal whose physiognomy possesses a thousand shades for the purpose of revealing the affections of the soul. The little grimace which he calls a smile, causes him to be accosted with confidence, and the contraction which shews itself between the eyes, imparts fear or distaste, according to his influence in the world. Does a great personage elevate the two corners of his mouth? he is pronounced amiable, condescending, benevolent. On the contrary, if it be the middle of his lips which he elevates while compressing them, he is considered disdainful, stern, miserable; and the hand which is on the point of presenting a memorial, falls back discouraged.

What an admirable thing it is that a smile by its own virtue can express satisfaction or contempt, gaiety or bitterness, the desire to please, or the desire to mortify. It is to be regretted, that it can be as dissembling as speech. The merchant who learns that his fortune is compromised in a considerable bankruptcy, will appear in public with a smile of satisfaction on his lips; the mouth of the courtier, whose creeping spirit put it to the test by his master, while launching at him a biting sarcasm, can also exhibit a smile; the coquet who wishes to please, notwithstanding the shooting of a violent tooth-ache, contrives to smile agreeably. Instinct does not procure so many concessions from the cats whom we consider flatterers, and the dogs whom we stigmatise with the epithet servile. The cat who is rebuffed by her master, does not seem to think that the rebuff ought to be received like a caress from the hands of him who bestows it; she will not set up the usual purring testimony of her unequivocal satisfaction. If the human race could in this manner express their satisfaction, and the manifestation were involuntary, how many husbands, now convinced that their company is the only solace of their wives, would be surprisingly undeceived! how many lovers disenchanted! how many men, generous through motives of ostentation, would be astonished at the silence reigning among their *proteges*! But, on the contrary, suppose this testimony of joy to be voluntary.

what a strange concert would ensue in these saloons, where every one affects an air of happiness, either to excite the envy of an equal, or to flatter the self-love of a protector.

It is not singular that it is considered condescending to shew our two rows of teeth, those destructive machines that have cracked the bones of so many of the volatile race! Another singularity. That which among men is a mark of gaiety, is a mark of anger among dogs; they corrugate the nose and uncover the teeth as we do; but they are more consistent—they never shew their arms unless they mean to remind us that it is in their power to carry off a portion of our calf.

A man must have an excellent control over his physiognomy, if he thinks it unnecessary to wear a mask before his fellow-men. What a benign expression must that Jaques Clement then have had, who possessed the art of deceiving the vigilance of his guards, and could inspire confidence in the royal victim he was about to assassinate. With what a demure countenance must the duke of Burgundy have taken the command with the duke of Orleans, who, at that moment when he was swearing fraternal amity, was projecting his assassination! How much the master must he have been of his physiognomy when he could bring himself to contemplate the corpse of his victim! What was the countenance which Louis the eleventh exhibited, when fraternally marching with his most terrible enemy against the allies of the league, and crying "Vive Bourgogne" in the midst of a city abandoned to pillage and massacre?

The laugh is not always amiable and gay. How shall we qualify that of the French nobleman of the fourteenth century, whose detestable predilection history has consigned to us! Ranchin, according to the custom of the period, had a valet who held the wax-taper while he was at supper: he compelled that valet to suffer the hot wax to drop on his naked legs, under penalty of having a sword run through his body. The more the sufferer wept the more the master laughed. Again, what a laugh, just heaven! was that of the two assassins who sought for Julien de Medica at his own house, and, while dragging him to the church where they purposed his assassination, joked with him on his dilatory laziness with a perfectly agreeable air of satisfaction.

These examples prove that, in fact, men have no occasion to wear masks; the skin of their face is so moveable, so flexible; their eye is so obedient to the word of command, that, besides the superiority on which they plume themselves of being a thinking species, they may also assign to themselves the title of a dissembling species.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 21. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MIRANDA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Emma the Foundling*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Celtic Sketches*, No. I.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Recollections of John Emery*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices*.

LITERATURE.—*Phenomena, and General View of the Earth*.

THE GRACES.—*Leisure Hours*. No. I.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*A short Dissertation on Long Noses. Importance of Wigs*.

POETRY.—*A Ditty*; by "Ella." Lines; by "B;" and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The writer of "Early Recollections," ought to have "recollected" to pay the postage of his communication. It is inadmissible.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

It is proposed in Massachusetts, to establish under the patronage of the State, an Institution calculated to afford a thorough and economical education to the laborious classes in the Practical Arts and Sciences.

A vein of real iron ore has been struck on the lands belonging to Gen. Leach, of Easton, Mass. a steam engine erected, and mining commenced.

Last week a golden-headed Eagle was shot in the air near Middletown, (Conn.) which measured from eight to nine feet between the extended wings.

A large whale was lately caught about a mile from the beach at South Hampton, which yielded 43 barrels of oil, and 470 lbs of bone.

MARRIED,

J. Wood, jr. to Miss A. E. Merritt.

Mr. W. T. Pinckney to Miss E. Michaels.

Mr. G. White to Miss E. Smith.

Mr. T. C. Boyd to Miss S. P. Cummings.

Mr. E. J. Cash to Miss S. Smith.

DIED,

Mrs. Amelia Moore.

Mr. S. Martin, aged 57 years.

Mr. R. Weir, aged 55 years.

Mrs. Martha Gabrielle.

Mr. Philip Lockwood.

Rev. James Scrimgeour.

Mr. Edward Douglass, aged 68 years.

Mr. Robert Mingham, aged 43 years

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

The following is said to be the oldest song known in the English language. It is ascribed to the thirteenth century.

SUMMER is y-coming in,
Loud sings cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now:
Sing cuckoo!

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth, after calf, cow
Bullock starteth,
Buck verteth,*
Merrying cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well sing'st thou, cuckoo!
No swick† thou never know!

* *Verteth*; goes to harbour among the fens.

† *To swick*; to cease.

THE BENDED BOW.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

It is supposed that War was anciently proclaimed in Britain, by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a *bent bow*, and that Peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and therefore straight.—See *Cambrian Antiquities*

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard ye not the battle-horn?
—Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of Heaven,
Swords must flash, and shields be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!"

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain-chase,
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"

And the hunter arm'd ere his chase was done,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased.
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light,
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall."

And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!

Where the goatherd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is sung!
—Foes are on thy native sea—
Give our bard a tale of thee!"

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song for a battle won.

LIFE'S LIKENESS.

Written in Imitation of the Poetry of the 17th Century.

Life is—what?

It is the shooting of a star,
That gleams along the trackless air,
And vanishes, almost ere seen, to naught.
And such is man—
He shines and flutters for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the vermeil of the rose,
That blooms but till the bleak wind blows.
Then, all entomb'd, in sweets doth fade and rot.
And such is man—
He struts in bravery for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is a dew-drop of the morn,
That quiv'ring hangs upon the thorn,
Till, quaff'd by sunbeams, 'tis no longer aught.
And such is man—
He's steep'd in sorrow for a span,
And melts forgot.

Life is—what?

A stone, whose fall doth circles make
On the smooth surface of the lake,
Which spread till one and all forsake the spot.
And such is man—
'Midst friends he revels for a span,
And sinks forgot.

Life is—what?

It is a bubble of the morn,
Rais'd by a little globe of rain,
Whose heir destroys the fabric it has wrought.
And such is man—
Swell'd into being for a span,
And broke forgot.

Life is—what?

A shadow on the mountain's side,
Or rock, that doth in ether ride,
Driven by the northern gale, with tempests fraught.
And such is man—
He hangs on greatness for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?

It is the sound of cannon near,
Which strikes upon the startled ear,
And ceases ere we can distinguish aught.
And such is man—
He frets and blusters for a span,
And is forgot.

Life is—what?
 It is the swallow's sojournment,
 Who, ere the summer's robe is rent,
 Flies to some distant bourne, by instinct taught.
 And such is man—
 He rents his dwelling for a span,
 And flits forgot.

And is this—life?
 Oh, yes! and had I time, I'd tell,
 An hundred shapes more transient still;
 But, whilst I speak, Fate whets his slaughterous knife,
 And such is man!—
 While reck'ning o'er life's little span,
 Death ends the strife.

TO MY LYRE.

BY MRS. BARON WILSON.

Echo of former happiness!
 Relic of earlier—brighter hours!
 Time has not made me love thee less,
 Though sorrow's hand has cropt life's flowers.
 Come then! resume thy wonted tone,
 Companion!—long neglected laid;
 Now joy is past, and hope is flown,
 I call thee to mine aid!

Grief is the poet's patroness;
 Her sable form and rugged brow,
 Conspire far more his dreams to bless,
 Than all that pleasure can bestow.
 Come, then, thou nurse of visions wild,
 Companion of the silent hour;
 'Tis sorrow's voice—'tis sorrow's child,
 That woos thy soothing pow'r!

It is not for the gay—
 When pleasure's phantoms round them shine,
 And mirth illumines each festive day,
 To worship at thy shrine!
 No!—'tis the hand of misery,
 That best can wake thy soothing strain;
 When grief's low voice, and sorrow's sigh,
 Echo each note again!

My Lyre!—when first we met,
 'Twas when youth's cloudless morning smil'd,
 Ere fortune's glowing sun had set,
 When hope, my heart beguil'd!
 I thought thee, but a toy—
 Fit to amuse life's idle hours;
 And careless then,—'mid scenes of joy
 I scorn'd thy gentle powers!

But now, I find thou art
 A friend—when other friendships fail;
 A soother of the aching heart,
 That tells to thee its tale.
 I love thee—and I prize thee now,
 More than when pleasure's sun was bright,
 Since grief has circled round my brow,
 Her deep, and starless night.

Come then—neglected Lyre!—
 Now pleasure's lighter touch has flown;
 The trembling hand that sweeps thy wire,
 Is thine—and thine alone.
 Thou need'st no rival fear
 To lure my heart again from thee;
 I hail thee now companion dear,
 Sole partner in my misery.

DE ORIGINE VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Qu an d tr vul str
 os guis irus isti de nere avit.
 H san m chr fu l

Imitated and Translated.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE AND DEATH.

cur f w d dis and p
 A sed iend rought eath ease ain.
 bles fr b br and ag

N. B. The second or middle line is to be read with the first and third, as the following:—

Quos anguis dirus tristi de vulnere stravit,
 Hos sanguis mirus christi de funere lavit, &c.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Earth.

PUZZLE II.—Jack-a-lanterns.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Who is my sire? and what am I?
 He ne'er was born, I never die;
 He suffers death like mortal man;
 From pain secure I still remain.
 High in the air, I'm often seen,
 And often on the verdant green;
 Still, faithful, on my sire attend;
 And all his purposes befriend;
 Till thrust out by a younger brother,
 Then I'm compell'd to serve another:
 To mankind, then, I yield support,
 Who greatly my assistance court:
 Nor do their secret thoughts conceal,
 Which I, in silence still reveal.
 But I expose myself too bare;
 You may from hence my name declare.

II.

Once most delightful to be seen,
 I stood with youth and beauty crown'd,
 Till cruel foes with weapons keen,
 First threw me prostrate on the ground.

There as I wounded, helpless laid,
 And rudely trod beneath their feet.
 My colour chang'd, my strength decay'd,
 My body burnt with scorching heat.

At length, like corpse in hearse convey'd,
 My scattered parts were nither sent,
 Of which a steady pile being made,
 Myself am my own monument.

Ponder this well, then look on me,
 And think of man's mortality.

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